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THE COST OF A TRAIN.

At the time when the first open court of law was established in Russia, a lady, dressed with the utmost elegance, was walking on the Moscow promenade, leaning upon her husband's arm, and letting the long train of her rich dress sweep the dust and dirt of the street.

A young officer, coming hastily from a side street, was so careless as to catch one of the corners of the lady's train, and in an instant a great piece was torn out of the costly but frail material of the dress.

"I beg a thousand pardons, madam," said the officer, with a polite bow, and then was about passing on, when he was detained by the lady's husband.

"Nothing was further from my intentions, sir. Your wife's long dress is to blame for the accident, which I sincerely regret, and I beg you once more to receive my apologies for any carelessness on my part." Thereupon he attempted to pass.

"You shall not escape so," said the lady, with her head thrown back in a spirited way. "To-day is the first time I have worn this dress, and it cost two hundred rubles, which you must make good."

"My dear madam, I beg you not to detain me on a matter of no consequence. I am only passing to the two hundred rubles—I really cannot help the length of your dress, yet I beg your pardon for not having been more cautious."

"You shall not stir, sir. That you are going to go on duty is nothing to us. My husband is right; the dress must be made good."

"The officer's face grew pale. "You force me to break through the rules of the service, and I shall receive punishment."

"Pay the two hundred rubles and you are free," said the lady.

The quickly changing color in the young man's face showed how inwardly disturbed he was; but stepping close up to them both he said, with apparent self-command:

"You will renounce your claim when I tell you that I am a poor devil, who has no money, and the amount of that pay hardly reaches the sum of two hundred rubles in a whole year. I can, therefore, make no amends for the misfortune except by again begging your pardon."

"Oh! anybody could say all that; but what would it do for me? I have nothing but your pay. I declare myself not satisfied with your excuses, and I demand my money," persisted the lady, in the hard voice of a thoroughly unfeeling woman.

"That is true; you are right," the husband declared, dutifully reporting her. "By good luck we have the open court now just in session. Go with us before the judge and he will decide the matter."

All further protestation on the officer's part that he was poor, that he was expected on duty, did not help matters. Out of respect for his uniform, and to avoid open scenes, he went to the court room, where the gallery was densely packed with a crowd of people.

After waiting some time, the lady had leave to bring her complaint.

"What have you to say to this complaint, sir?" asked the judge, turning to the complainant, who seemed embarrassed and half in despair.

"On the whole, very little. As the lateness of the hour, compelled me to hurry, I did not notice the lady's train, which was dragging on the ground, and she was so much in a hurry to go with me, that she did not notice the misfortune to her dress. Madame would not receive my excuse, but perhaps she might find herself more disposed to forgiveness, when I again declare, so help me God, that I committed this awkward blunder without any malicious intention, and I earnestly beg that she will pardon me."

A murmur ran through the gallery, evidently from the people taking sides with the defendant, and against long trains in general, and the lady in particular.

The judge called to order, and asked, "Are you satisfied with the defendant's explanation?"

"Not at all satisfied. I demand two hundred rubles in payment for my torn dress."

"Defendant, will you pay this sum?"

"I would have paid it long before this had I been in position to do so. Unfortunately I am poor. My pay as an officer is all I have to live on."

"You hear, complainant, that the defendant is not able to pay the sum you demand of him. Do you still wish the court to order him to pay?"

An unbroken stillness reigned throughout the hall, and the young officer's breath could be heard coming hard.

"I wish it to stand. The law shall give me my rights."

There ran through the rows of people a murmur of indignation that sounded like a rushing of water.

"Consider, complainant, the consequence of your demand. The defendant can be punished only by being deprived of his personal liberty, and by that you could obtain no satisfaction, while the defendant, if it were possible, would be in his rank and position as an officer, and especially as he is an officer who is poor and dependent upon his pay. Do you still insist upon your complaint?"

"I still insist upon it."

The course the affair was taking seemed to have become painful to the lady's husband. He placed his wife's hand gently, but as could be seen by the way she held up her head and the energy with which she shook it, quite uselessly. The judge was just going on to further consider the case, when a loud voice was heard from the audience:

"There followed a silence, during which a gentleman forced his way through the crowd and placed himself by the young officer's side.

"Sir, I am the Prince of W—, and beg your pardon by accepting the two hundred rubles in question."

"Prince, I am not worthy of your kindness, for I don't know if I shall ever be able to pay the loan," answered the young man, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Take the money at all events, I can wait until you are able to return it." Thereupon the prince held out two notes of a hundred rubles each, and coming close up to him, whispered a few words very softly. There was a sudden lighting in the young officer's face, and turning to the lady, he handed them to her with a polite bow.

"I hope, madame, you are satisfied."

"With a malicious smile she reached out her hand for the money."

"Yes; now I am satisfied."

With a scornful look over the crowd of spectators, he prepared to leave the court room on her husband's arm.

"Stop, madame," said the officer, who had suddenly become like a man, with a firm and confident manner.

"What do you want?"

The look that the young woman cast upon him was inquiring as possible.

"I want my dress," he answered, with

BY HOYT & CO.

CREMATION.

Successful Cremation at Washington, Pa.—Burning of the Body of Baron de Palm.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch, December 7.

Starting from Vienna, Austria, in 1873, with all the impetus that a hearty recommendation of the Managers of the World's Exhibition could give it, cremation was yesterday firmly planted on the shores of America. There had been the slightest defect in the process of Baron von Palm's cremation, that method of disposing of the remains of the departed would have received a death blow in this country. But the experiment was a success, not alone in the perfect incineration of the body, but also from a sanitary standpoint. Opponents of cremation have asserted that the gases arising from the burning body would poison the surrounding atmosphere. The fact of yesterday proved that the gases can, and are consumed in the furnace, reaching the fire through which the smoke passed to the air beyond.

The experiment yesterday proved another thing incontestably. Two hours and twenty-seven minutes were consumed in the cremation of the body of the Baron, and as a preliminary to the cremation it was necessary to maintain a fire of gas for thirty minutes, and so that it may be brought to a proper degree of heat for the reception of the body. In the actual work of incineration but forty bushel of coke were used. These facts show that the system is yet in its infancy here, even in the application of facilities. The furnace of Dr. Le Moine is susceptible of many improvements, whereby there would be much saving of time and fuel.

At the exhibition at Vienna Professor Brunetti displayed the ashes of a man whose corpse weighed ninety pounds. The body was reduced to about 160 pounds of wood. The furnace he used was oblong in shape, and was made of refractory bricks.

The greatest success in the matter of furnaces has been achieved by Siemens. His furnace is constructed on the principle of the gas engine, and costs about \$1,250, or about \$600 less than that of Le Moine, and it will incinerate a body of 200 pounds weight in one hour, at an expense of 75 cents for fuel. The wife of Sir Charles Dilke was cremated in a furnace of this description at Dresden in 1874.

Yesterday's cremation vividly recalls the burning of the body of the poet Shelley, on the banks of the Mediterranean, in 1822. The horrid details of that sad scene in Tuscany are familiar to all English readers, as Trelawney did not fail to graphically reproduce them. That was probably the first cremation of the first of any time since the settlement of this country, or at least, the first promoted and successfully carried to completion by the civilized people of the country, and the reader of the detailed report appended between the scientific cremation of von Palm and the burning of poor Shelley.

Miss Rothschild, well known here, who has suffered from epilepsy, an affliction that has been hereditary in her family. She has always been delicate, never enjoying good health, and during the past few years and more severe than at any other time. Last Saturday she complained of having a headache, and on Sunday her suffering was declared, so help me God, that I committed this awkward blunder without any malicious intention, and I earnestly beg that she will pardon me."

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INTO THE FURNACE.

It was about twenty-five minutes after 8 o'clock when the door of the furnace was closed upon the remains of the Baron, and for probably ten seconds after, an unpleasant smell tainted the room. The odor was faint, but quite pronounced enough to be noted by the spectators. A constant current of air was forced into the furnace by a blower.

For the first half hour observations were made every few minutes, and the change could be observed in the appearance of the body in the furnace. The evergreens had curled up on each side of the crib, forming an arch over the remains. The crib was red hot in a moment after it was put into the furnace, and by following the line of its upper rail the body could be plainly seen through the small hole in the furnace.

At ten minutes past 9 o'clock the form of the body was unchanged. The windings sheet had not crumpled away, and the corpse looked like a black line in a sea of gray fire. Col. Olcott made an observation at this time, and expressed the opinion that

the body was destroyed, but the ashes still retained the natural form. Five minutes after this another observation disclosed the bones of the left knee, incandescent and protruding from the winding sheet. At the same moment the head and neck were visible, and above it the evergreens were curled into a wreath. It had been suggested that there was no draft in the furnace, but a test was made by Dr. Ottarson, and it was found that a current of air constantly passed into it. This draft was not sufficient to burn the body, but it was sufficient to burn the evergreens, and the hydrogen was diffused in vapor, and therefore there was no current of air passing through the furnace.

At twenty minutes after 9 o'clock the ribs on the left side showed through the winding sheet, and a few minutes after the larger bones of the right arm and leg on the same side of the body were apparent. The wreath and arch of evergreens were still intact. At 9:43, another observation was made. Then it was impossible to distinguish the outline of the body. The heat was now so great that the evergreens were curled into a wreath, and the hydrogen was diffused in vapor, and therefore there was no current of air passing through the furnace.

At ten minutes to 11 o'clock, Col. Olcott, Dr. Le Moine and Dr. Asdale, and three health officers, entered the furnace room. The furnace was pushed forward, and the moment it was moved there was a great crumbling of the body. Dr. Ottarson announced that the incineration was almost complete. So great a portion of the body had been reduced to ashes, and had fallen to the bottom of the furnace, that the lower portion of the body was not visible. The body had been reduced to a mass of fine particles, and the sprigs of spruce were still in perfect form.

At 12 o'clock the incineration was complete, nothing being left of the Baron but three parts of ashes, quite enough to fill the small urn which rested the top of the furnace. The urn was pushed forward, and the moment it was moved there was a great crumbling of the body. Dr. Ottarson announced that the incineration was almost complete. So great a portion of the body had been reduced to ashes, and had fallen to the bottom of the furnace, that the lower portion of the body was not visible. The body had been reduced to a mass of fine particles, and the sprigs of spruce were still in perfect form.

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ANDERSON, S. C. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1876.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Gov. Hampton's Position in This Crisis.

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

It is with feelings of the profoundest solicitude that I assume the arduous duties and grave responsibilities of the high position to which the people of South Carolina have called me. It is amid events unprecedented in the history of this State, and in the history of the Union, that I am called to the chair of Chief Magistrate of this State. After years of misrule, corruption and anarchy, brought upon us by venal and unprincipled political adventurers, the honest people of the State, without regard to party or race, with one voice demand reform, and have placed in my hands the reins of government, and solemnly to the